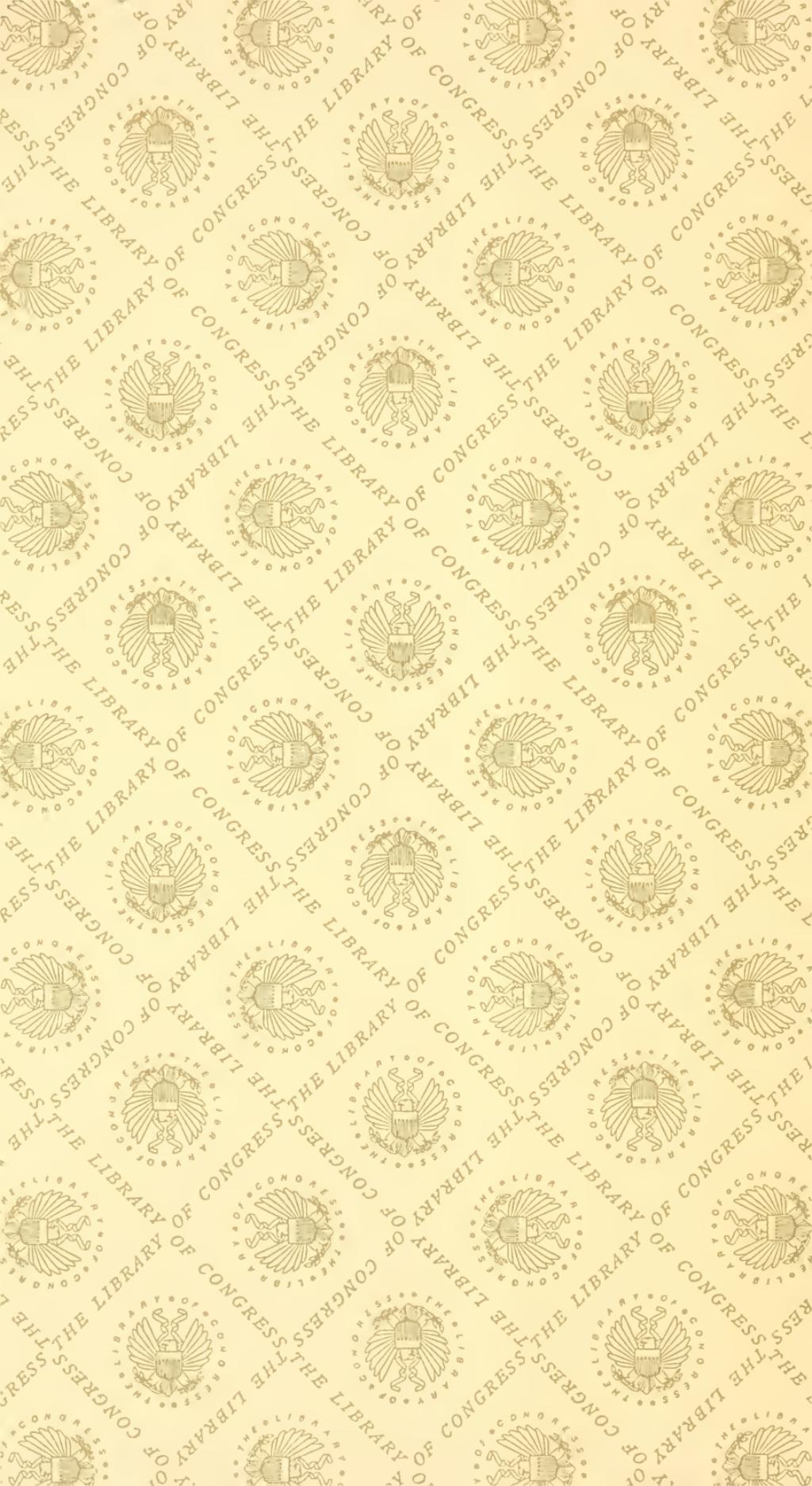


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## THE MISSION OF BEAUTY



# THE MISSION OF BEAUTY

A POEM

BY CARLETON SPRAGUE



1905

THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS  
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## NOTE

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I

BEAUTY

O, subtle touch divine,  
    Caress of God,  
His hand laid lightly  
    On the wakening world,  
His word soft spoken  
    Unto awed mankind:  
Beauty,  
    Thou tender mantle Nature weaves  
For all her tenderer moods,  
    Protecting mantle Nature wears  
In all her sterner ways:  
    Thou revelation clear,  
God's pledge to earth  
    That life is not in vain,—  
Along thy healing paths  
    Direct our steps,  
Open our weary eyes  
    That we may clearly see,  
Speak! and thy language  
    Make us understand,  
Enter our hearts  
    And therein kindly dwell.



## II

### NATURE

In lavish splendor through His worlds,  
    In infinite variety,  
Redeeming beauty reigns  
    And naught in Nature lacks.

In grains of dust invisible;  
    In stern heights piling heavenward;  
In pencil touch on throat and wing;  
    In sweeping strokes of sunset hues;  
In blue arched dome of summer noon;  
    In deep blue dome of summer night,  
Whose silent, age defying stars  
    Deny our mute, unspoken cry  
For light, more light,  
    Ere we too die!  
And on and on  
    The great, still harmony rolls,  
And the morning breaks,  
    And the big, hot sun  
Restores, renews, and answers —  
    Life, more Life!

In secret petals  
    Mountain grown in chasms inaccessible;  
In gardens where the single rose  
    With sheen of circling dove competes;  
In forests deep, dark, murmuring  
    With whisperings of the night;  
In lacework of wide spreading trees,  
    Pale moonlight filtering through  
And sparkling on sad Evening's tears  
    The gently fallen dew;  
In bending, sighing, storm rocked pines,  
    That catch the music of the winds,  
And rearing high their crested tops  
    Sing in earth's symphony of sound;  
In myriad moss and lichen forms  
    That carpet earth's untrodden ways,  
Where dwells a marvellous insect world,  
    Unknown, unseen, that wondrous life,  
That counterpart of fairyland;  
    In every growing, life stirred thing;  
In every beat of every wing;

In poise of startled, listening deer;  
    In glistening rush of gleaming fish  
That thread the many mooded sea,—  
    Now sunlit, trackless, blue and mild,  
Now surging, dark, relentless, wild,—  
    Eternal mother in whose heart  
All waters find their final goal;  
    In cool, secluded mountain lakes,  
Where live again in azure hues  
    The grassy shores and rocks and hills,  
And high set peaks of mountain land;  
    In hurrying, sparkling, forest streams  
That add their constant tribute  
    To the deep, wide river,—  
Flowing now, in placid stream,  
    By well tilled shores,  
Now torn in steep, and rock strewn bed,  
    With flashing, broken spray tossed high,—  
Now, seeming poised,—  
    As suddenly,  
With swift, relentless, sweeping rush,  
    It falls with palpitating roar,  
Far down the sheer cut precipice,  
    And carves its course through canyons deep  
Down to the mighty inland lakes,  
    Down to the ocean's outstretched arms,  
To lose itself, at last, far off,  
    In the engulfing sea;

In fertile valleys forest bound,  
Where gleams the green of succulent spring;  
In fertile prairies golden toned,  
Their wide spread acres lost to view  
In shimmering growth of harvest suns,—  
Those fertile lands, where, year by year,  
Is writ, as on a fading scroll,  
In track of furrow, tramp of feet,  
The story of man's husbandry;  
The crop is garnered, cold and frost  
Erase the story of the toil,—  
The spirit of the conqueror  
Survives the generation through!

O, endless wealth of loveliness  
So lavished on our blinded view,  
Our halting words inadequate  
Fail utterly to speak thy due;  
We live our little span, constrained  
By limits set beyond our will,  
We fail, and fall, and fear, and hope  
With inward view, nor see until  
We raise our gaze, then meets the eye  
The bow that God has set on high.



### III

## LIFE

The miracle the first man saw  
    In endless repetition we too see,  
But appreciation due  
    In long familiarity is lost;  
Wise Nature's law, affinity,  
    Love, union, birth,  
The seed, the soil, the sun,  
    The gentle rain from heaven,  
The miracle and mystery of kindled life!  
    These wonders on a sudden  
Burst upon our view,  
    And all life's beauty thrills us through  
With throbs of happiness and awe,  
    Uplifts the sympathetic mood  
And bears the soul on outstretched wings  
    Aloft to regions high of larger view,  
Aloft to regions vast of understanding mind.

Our vision clears, the Spirit hovers near;  
 We see it rest upon true lovers' vows;  
 Upon pure love  
 We see it press its precious kiss  
 To consecrate a new life's dawn;  
 It glorifies the mother's eyes  
 That confident the future view,  
 Wherein she sees that nestling form  
 With virtue, goodness, wisdom clad,  
 A fearless, conquering, well girt knight,  
 Redressing wrong, upholding right,  
 The victor  
 Crowned at honor's goal.  
 Rejoice! O, winners in the race,  
 And every laurel leaf rejoice!  
 And every vein of every leaf,  
 And every vein of every stem,  
 The Spirit folds you in her wings!  
 Those wings that touch the maiden's face  
 And softly wave her sunlit hair,  
 And gently sweep her graceful form  
 So subtly moulded, hand of man,  
 With brush and chisel, vainly strives  
 To cast in more enduring mould.  
 Fair attitude and vision fair,  
 Thy fortune is the future's bond;  
 Men kneel before thy shrine and pray  
 For worthiness, for purity,  
 For absolution and for thee;  
 Goddess adored, vision supreme,  
 The world grows dark and cold  
 While they, in all unworthy  
 Save in love,  
 Trembling and faint, cowards to hear,  
 From ice to fire  
 Leap at thy soft spoke word.

We see it in the radiant face  
    Of budding manhood  
Looking out along life's pathway but begun;  
    His manly vigor shines and glows  
With every muscle well in tune,  
    And all the complicated scheme  
Of marvelous structure  
    Beats and bends  
In unison complete and weird  
    To the controlling mind;  
And every mountain looks a hill,  
    And widest rivers, tiny brooks,  
And densest forests, pleasant glades,  
    And fiercest beasts and birds seem tame;  
And all the yawning gulfs are bridged,  
    And every man stands forth to lend  
A helping hand along the way,  
    Along the way where flowers grow.  
No wonder  
    All the gods are young,  
No wonder  
    God is made a man,  
The perfect man has lived,—  
    Was God!

We see it in strong purposed men,  
The product of the life matured,  
Through face revealed  
Where conquering strength  
Has set the print of victory ;  
All fallen foes forgiven are,  
The summit stands in clear outline,  
Strong, well poised, sure,  
Trained and controlled,  
Revered, respected, resolute  
To listen, answer, and to act ;  
The crisis rises, lesser men  
Stand trembling, pale, inadequate,  
Dreading the future's unknown fate,  
Powerless to think, to speak, to do ;  
Then stands he forth  
And hope is bred,  
And craven fear retreats, abashed,  
And sullen envy reason learns,  
And discontent to reason turns,  
In wise and generous leadership  
An honorable peace is born ;  
While by his side,  
Hand strong in hand,  
A woman wise sustains, upholds,  
A woman counsels, cares, consoles.

Ah, Love,  
Upon the altar of thy happiness  
This day, dear heart,  
Once more  
I consecrate my love for thee;  
For all the treasure of thy constant love,  
Which year by year, unstintingly,  
Thou givest me so far beyond my due,  
I only bring the tribute of my love;  
Wherein this gladdens thee,  
Wherein it adds in any way  
To thy dear life, which, day by day,  
I watch unfold, expand, and open to my view  
The fruits of all thy well spent years,  
The fruits of thy maturing mind,  
Thy goodness, wisdom, charity,  
Unselfishness and self restraint,  
Thy sweetness and thy modesty,  
Therein, dear, am I glad;  
And always when I fail, dear heart,  
To be  
That which thy love  
Has made it possible  
For me to be,  
Then in thy charity,  
Once more forgive,  
And of thy treasure  
Give me yet again.

*Old Age* The shadows lengthen, day declines,  
From out the hush  
A wondrous stillness reigns,  
From out the dusk  
A wondrous peace prevails;  
An influence benign  
O'er hill and vale serenely rests;  
Breathless, suspended,  
Evening-tide, calm and content,  
Awaits the enfolding night;  
The boisterous winds  
Have sped to brighter suns  
Their flying steeds;  
The mounting clouds, in dark dismay,  
In heaven's far confines huddled,  
Hide their disastrous breath;  
The chariots of the sun  
Beyond earth's borders flee,  
Summoning new lands to life  
And warmth and stern activity.  
Enthroned in age,—  
Before the darkness falls,—  
O, Spirit,  
Hear our prayer on bended knee;  
Thy crown of peace be ours,  
Wrought from the gold of pure desires,  
Studded with gems of good accomplishment,  
Untarnished by the breath of all unworthiness,  
Strong in the interwoven strands  
Of charity for all,  
Peace and good will to men.

*Death* From earth to leaf,  
    To earth and ash;  
The sword suspended falls,  
    The golden thread gives way,  
The tiny flame burns dim and fails;  
    The final dreaded mystery  
Stands out before the expectant soul;  
    O, Spirit,  
Childlike make our final sleep;  
    The key is thine,—  
Against the greater knowledge  
    Rises the portal vast,—  
Rare spirits forge the key,  
    The key is love;  
Strong in the strength of it,  
    Borne on the wings of it,  
Step the undaunted  
    Forth  
Into the dark.



## IV

### MIND

Out of the whirl of worlds,  
Out of the hand of time,  
Order evolved;  
Out of the birth of man,  
Out of the rise of man,  
Law of his life;  
Out of the grain of sense  
Man's highest recompense  
Reasoning mind;  
God, Thou hast ordered it,  
Thine is the law of it,  
Beauty the awe of it  
Thine be the praise.

Limitless, eternal,  
Space bounded by space,  
Age piling on age, endlessly,  
Vastness inconceivable, infinite:  
Hot whirling nebulæ,  
Mother of suns,  
Parent of planets,  
Set in fixed courses,  
Turned to the harmony  
Of plans eternal:  
Birth of great teeming lands,  
Molten and barren:  
Birth of wide waters,  
Seething and vaporous:  
Age of the giant plants,  
Age of the monster life;—  
Step rising on step  
Higher yet higher;  
Man last in all the scale,  
Pausing an age,—  
God's moment,—  
Waiting a destiny  
Felt in rare hours,  
Low whispered prescience  
Of loftier life.

The winter passes, magic powers  
    In silence stir all slumbering life,  
The potent bud unfolds and flowers  
    To leaf and fruit, and branch and stem;  
And bird calls bird, and bee seeks blossom,  
    And every timid, wild born thing,  
By appetite and instinct led,  
    Pursues the way of fate ordained.

Amidst these moving marvels  
Man  
Alone perceives and understands,  
    Alone in his high heritage  
The privilege of Mind.  
    Born to an unstable grasp  
Of a short allotted day,  
    Cast out on existence's sea,  
Saved by that one attribute,—  
    Power from a source supreme,—  
Man divinely justified  
    For his right to be.  
Secrets of life's hidden wonders  
    Slowly to his mind unfold,  
Glimpses of the mighty power  
    Which shall lead the race to truth ;  
Spirit of the law of beauty  
    Thine the star to light the way,  
In thy fair and perfect image  
    Man shall test his right to live.

Into his hands committed earth's millions,  
Generation following generation  
Time without end;  
Out of his hands flowing  
World weal for woe;  
Reason succeeding instinct,  
Order quelling riot;  
Out of the seething mass  
Of men savage, men lustful, men brutal,  
Out of their envy, out of their hate,  
His to evolve order and tolerance,  
Justice and temperance, liberty and peace,  
Laws for the common good;  
His to evolve charity and patience,  
Benevolence and mercy,  
Virtue and the sacrifice of self;  
Wise government of united peoples,  
Honesty and chastity,  
The joy of work, the joy of play.

Nature the prodigal,—  
    Millions unfruitful,—  
One seed to beauty flowers,  
    One man in wisdom blooms;  
Rose begot of seed excelling,  
    Violet joyous for a day,  
Bloom unconscious for the ages,  
    Waft their perfume for alway;  
Captains and their hosts in armor  
    Shining with the light of faith,  
Brave, unselfish lives they offer,  
    Dying that the right may live;  
Toilers at the stubborn fortress,—  
    Baffling heights where science hides,—  
Silent battles fought in secret,  
    Victory won by single hand;  
Giant boulders burst asunder,  
    Pure the crystal lies revealed,  
One more costly jewel added  
    To the diadem of truth.

Deeper delving, higher climbing,  
More revealed and clearer sight,  
Man with added knowledge marching  
    Towards the goal which fades from view  
In the mists which veil life's secrets,  
    In the sunset's gorgeous hues,  
Where the pathway leads in splendor  
    To the citadel of light,  
Whence man's heavenly given power  
    Shall so wisely rule mankind,  
Peace of heaven on earth descended  
    Through the miracle of Mind.



V

ART

Light of the summer sun,  
    Breath of the wandering breeze,  
Rain of the vaporous sky,  
    Earth's beauties multiply  
In nature's perfect plan.  
    Born of the ardent mind,  
Imagination,—fruitful child,—  
    Striving for utterance,  
Raises the works of man  
    Into the lofty realm where beauty dwells,  
Into the kingdom where  
    Art sits enthroned.  
Virgin, high and fair and pure,  
    At thy feet thy votaries  
Sit in all humility,  
    Listening for thy sacred word,  
Listening for thy sacred note,  
    Watching for thy sacred fire.  
Thine the magic wand to change  
    High built dome to shrine of God;  
Thine the vital soaring flame  
    Which instills cold sculptured clay  
With the living, breathing fire;  
    Thine the tender touch which guides  
Stroke and brush of master hand;  
    Thine the magic tongue which speaks  
In enduring words of men;  
    Thine the holy beat which throbs  
In the highest note of song.

*Architecture  
The Temple  
of Juno  
at Girgenti*

Faced to the light  
    Of the declining day,  
Glowing with rosy tints,—  
    Those first fair promises of sleep,—  
Set on commanding heights  
    And born to proud command,  
Through twice twelve hundred years  
    The pillared temple stands.  
Out of the East the builders came  
    And on the shining shore  
Of the wide inland sea  
    They pitched their camps,  
Then builded to the gods  
    As they were wont to do on Attic shores  
Where beauty held its sway.  
    Mighty the task  
By mighty minds inspired,  
    And great was their content,  
For in their hearts they knew  
    That what they did was good  
And pleasing to great Jove,  
    To whom they made  
The living sacrifice of beeves  
    And full libations poured of ruddy wine.

On nestling slopes and pleasant plain  
    The teeming city life  
Was born and grew,  
    And waxed and waned in power,  
And throbbed  
    With love, and hate, and wealth, and pride.  
Then from the North  
    And from the South  
Came warring hordes  
    And stilled the urban heart;  
And in their lust  
    They smote and killed,  
And left nor town nor man.  
    But through the softening years  
The kindly hand of nature  
    Laid a pall of flowers wild,  
And grasses of the field  
    Upon the land,  
And to the fertile soil  
    The nestling slopes and plain  
Once more returned.

Against the temple high,—  
    In impotence and fear,—  
The leveling blow was stayed ;  
    Nor heavy hand of time,  
Nor wanton war, nor covetous man,  
    Nor surging winter blast,  
Have ruin wrought complete ;  
    In majesty and grace to the admiring day  
The roofless columns rise,  
    In mystic splendor to the moon,  
The phantom of the past  
    Raises its broken shafts,  
While the confiding wind  
    Whispers the tale through centuries told,  
And every listening ear hears,  
    And all men understand ;  
While far below,  
    Beneath the selfsame stars,  
The silver sea the triremes rode  
    Sounds on the selfsame shore.

*Sculture  
Michael  
Angelo's  
Greek  
Slave*

Through untold years a slave  
 By thought set free;  
 To stand again a slave,—  
 The dead stone vibrant, throbbing,  
 Impotent against the encircling bands;  
 What man art thou!  
 An image merely, made of stone!  
 A faithful counterfeit of living flesh!  
 Enduring copy of a transient life,  
 Limb like to limb,  
 And every feature  
 But the duplicate of an external man,  
 So deftly done  
 The one who sees  
 Is lost in wonder  
 At the external likeness!  
 Or, in thee shall we see,—  
 Closing the visual eye  
 And letting fancy free  
 To revel in the halls of our imaginings,—  
 The soul of man  
 In eagerness and all in vain  
 In combat to be free;  
 Unending strife to 'scape the encumbering clay,  
 The secret learn,  
 And in the perfect peace of perfect knowledge  
 Strong and assured  
 To rest content.

Or spirit of the good  
Entangled in the mesh of all the evil nets  
    Set for unwary man;—  
The strife perpetual  
    Which is the cost of righteous living;  
Or what thy hidden tale!  
    A mean, bound slave art thou!  
Then whence thy subtle power  
    To set men free,  
To loose them from themselves,  
    To summon from their minds  
Their unused consciousness of higher things,  
    To light appreciation's lamp  
Upon the altar of dulled senses,  
    So that joy to beauty wed  
Steeps men in self-forgetfulness,  
    Enthralls and glorifies their lives  
For one brief hour  
    In beauty's realm in thee create!

The master set thee free;  
Thy moulded form,  
    Conceived in genius' brain,  
Sprang from the rough hewn block  
    'Neath his unerring hand  
Into thy quivering shape;  
    He breathed the potent spell upon thy brow,  
And his the subtle power which dwells in thee,  
    Which lets thee laugh at death  
From thy high vantage ground  
    Of art immortal;  
And in thy presence makes men stand  
    In reverence and awe,  
As stood the Greeks  
    In Attic days  
Before the marble forms  
    Of living gods.

*Painting  
Botticelli's  
Spring*

Through sunlit woods where dryads dwell,  
 Beneath the blossoming trees  
 Where gentle birds to gentle mates  
 In tender song  
 Their loving hearts pour forth;  
 Where Pan unto the woods  
 Enchanted music makes,  
 Until all living things and earth and air  
 With happy chorus ring;  
 Where naiads live in sparkling, laughing streams;  
 Where placid pools reflect the summer clouds,  
 The flight of silent wings,  
 And quivering leaves and swaying boughs;  
 Where graceful ferns  
 'Neath tall stemmed lilies droop,  
 And daffodil and violet, like bright hued gems,  
 Earth's vivid green  
 Of crowded moss and new grown grass  
 Are patterned o'er;  
 Where all the hosts of fairy folk  
 Play in the glistening dew;  
 And where, — at intervals, — there reigns  
 A stillness so intense,  
 The sympathetic ear is filled  
 With that vast hymn of myriad sounds  
 Pervading earth and air,—  
 The blasts of all Earth's heralds  
 Blended in glorious melody,—  
 The splendid note that nature strikes,  
 Proclaiming —  
 Spring is come!

See where she stands!

Nor stands, but forward bends, so quietly  
The eye of man no movement notes;  
With flowers bedecked; — from bounteous store  
She strews the earth,—

A maiden fair, smiling and tender;  
Forces irresistible, in gentleness concealed,  
Earth's fruitfulness portend;  
Her sisters gone before, she heeds them not,—  
The breath of icy March,  
Nor April of uncertain mien,—

'Tis lovely May, a smile upon her lips,  
And all the wealth of summer in her eyes;  
Potent and powerful, gladly expectant,  
Her destiny unfulfilled,  
The maiden mother, calm and serene,  
The parent of the yielding year.

Attend upon her now, ye summer days,  
She gave thee birth, and light, and life;  
Ye sisters three, in circling rythm  
Tread out the langorous days  
Of summer suns and vaporous skies;  
'Neath starlit nights pursue your way  
Through dewy grass and ripening fields,—  
The winged messenger of love attends your steps,  
And guards the birth, and light, and life of untold  
years;  
Attend upon her now, ye autumn days,—  
The end attained, the maid matured,—  
Pluck from the laden boughs the ripened fruit,  
And each shall be  
The promise of another spring,—  
The lovely, blushing bride  
Of all the year.

---

Thus man,  
    His aspiration soaring in the heights of thought,  
To find expression other than in words,  
    In deep sincerity has wrought;  
Has builded monuments of use,  
    Added thereto all things of loveliness,  
Cut from reluctant stone fair sculptured forms  
    Instinct with life and power,—  
Products of minds trained in the school  
    Where beauty is the theme of all endeavor;  
With brush and pigment reproduced  
    For man's delight  
The passing scenes of life,  
    The face of those beloved,  
And those ideal themes  
    Born and alive in brains imaginative,  
To stimulate the one who sees,  
    To answer in responsive mood  
The problems genius offers to his mind.

While in man's speech, and in his written word,  
There dwells such marvelous power,  
Such strength to sway whole empires,  
    To stir men's souls,  
To bend them to the right,  
    To make them smile and weep,  
And hate, and love, and pray,  
    That all the assembled hosts  
Of glittering arms the world has ever seen,  
    In influence and potency,  
To pygmies shrink  
    Before Christ's single word.

Play on, ye tuneful pipes,  
Add your deep harmony  
To the inspired melody  
Which music lends  
To beautify our lives.

There comes a time when mere words fail;  
Emotions, like the flush of morn,  
Elusive, swift, intangible,  
The love light in the lover's eyes,  
The heart with speechless sorrow rent,  
The formless prayer where aid is none,  
Thy province are.

Play on, ye pipes!

Play martial airs, play hymns of praise!  
They hear, the soldiers of the Cross,  
Play love, and joy, and peace  
To all mankind.



## VI

### IMMORTALITY

In all, through all, which way we turn,—  
Part seen and understood, and part not fathomed,—  
In us the fault may lie;—  
Great stretches far beyond our ken,  
Where, groping darkly,  
Rises a cry of joy in minds surrendered,  
Rises a cry for aid in minds dumfounded;  
Ever the tongue of man  
Framing a word  
Born of his heart's desire,  
Stay of his wavering sense,—  
Love! Christ! God!  
Humbly we name it,  
Deep in our heart of hearts  
Humbly receive it.

Whence come and whither bound  
Denied us,  
There is that within us tells the story;—  
Far above the human life  
A glory  
    Filled with wisdom infinite  
Frames a plan majestic,  
    Sets the stars in Heaven,  
Keeps them in their courses,  
    Wills the human sacrifice,—  
Earth's poor contribution to the building  
    Of the consummation forged on high.  
Seek ye the proofs?  
    Look to the beauty of the summer night,  
See but the beauty of all living things,  
    Search in the beauty nature spreads,  
Lavish handed, over land and sea,  
    Contemplate the beauty of the mind,  
The lives of those who follow Christ among mankind.

Past usefulness,  
Silently they fade away,—  
    The violet's petals, human heart beats,  
The great white moon,— the phantom of a world,—  
    But in the ash of every sacrifice  
There hidden lies  
    A grain of gold  
Purified for the end inscrutable.

Great heart beat of the eternal power,  
What tiny drop of our poor blood  
Can mingle in the mighty flow  
Of life immortal!

Perchance an answer came  
That Beauty is the name  
Which holds the test;  
If to the sum of things  
The human being brings  
Aught that can stand the rays  
Of that keen, searching light,  
Aught that retains a purity entire,  
Such surely cannot die,  
But to the heart eternal  
Must rendered be.  
That all unworthiness, that all unloveliness,  
Through charity divine  
Is lost in dreamless death,  
Should that cause fear!  
More dread in this,—  
That all man's ugliness,  
In that immortal beauty  
Which is God  
Should mirrored be.

Ah, Love, give unto me thy hand,  
    Turn towards me thy strong gaze,  
That I may read within those eyes  
    The truth that therein lies,—  
I cannot doubt,  
    No beauty dies!  
Thy hand in mine,  
    Dear friend;  
Courage!  
    The failures were of yesterday,  
Again the sun  
    Shall rise.



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Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date:



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HECKMAN  
BINDERY INC.



JAN 86

N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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